

## **S.L.A.B. f/ Jimmy D, Shot G, 2 "Puttin it in Yo Face"**

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(\*talking\*)

Shot G, what's up Jimmy D baby  
In here, with them S.L.A.B. soldiers  
It's the L-A double, it go down  
Say Trae, sing that shit

[Hook]

Slow Loud Bangin, your block  
With a super fly hoe, sideways in a drop  
Constantly, we gotta put it in your face  
Trying to shine full time, so we on a paper chase  
Slow Loud Bangin, your block  
With a super fly hoe, sideways in a drop  
Constantly, we gotta put it in your face  
We gotta put it, in your face baby

[Jimmy D]

I keep the coupe sticky, and the motherfucking roof  
nifty  
Open my do', look like Jiffy  
Got all my playa partnas with me, bout to hit 6-10 and  
do a buck fifty  
I ain't tripping, got the fo' pound thrust with me  
Not thinking bout no jackers, not thinking bout no  
crackers  
You run up I clap ya, your story ends sad ever after  
And I'm still, rocking the ice tipping the deuce  
Popping the roof, squat in the coupe  
And I'm still loading the gats, busting the caps  
Busting these cats, who don't think I work hard for that  
He just hating, won't give me a card for that  
I do a show, I get award for that  
Thank God for that, wrecking on a Slow Loud  
Trae burn me up a copy, I'ma turn it so loud  
Pass by the hoes, got em screaming whoa now  
Just ran through this bitch, you know she a hoe now  
Thinking I'm her man, lil' mama slow down  
Hit blue, while she talking I ain't hearing no sound

[Lil' B]

Putting it all in your face, one two three times

If you wanna be my opponent, then I'ma knock ya down  
With a left a right, I'm thoed and out of sight  
Sipping syrup and Sprite, it's going down tonight  
Got my 3-80 lady, if a nigga be acting shady  
Pull his card baby, then I'm dropping him off in Cady  
Niggaz acting crazy, but I'ma stay on my note  
No need, for me to hide behind tint and cheap smoke  
Pull out the garage, and swang hard  
It's Lil' B, coming down the Boulevard  
Putting it all in your face, just a skee taste  
In love with superstars, with a itty-bitty waist  
I'ma do it like Mase, and blind your eye  
Everytime I step out, I'm known to get fly  
Like my kon folk Trae, ball and parlay  
Whether sunny or grey, we still tipping Fewquay

[Hook]

[Trae]

Drop it in a six do', pearl L-dog  
With the Shot, B, and Jimbo and the Catalog  
Keeping the trunk knocking, broads bopping haters be  
jocking  
Like I'm short stopping, I think it's cause my top  
dropping  
On a Southside, block mayn  
Lane to lane we off the chain, and I love it mayn  
I lost my nigga, B-I-G M-E double L-O  
Keeping a deuce out the roof, tipping on 84's  
With Big B double E, can you see me  
We T-I-N-T-E-D, with Lil' H-E-A-D  
4'3 with the Ness, that's stanging like wasps  
You try to collide with us, your body fin to wind up  
tossed  
That's with or without a, we click though we could shot-  
a  
Flipping up to Nevada, with a yellow bitch renada  
I'm slow loud and we banging, block to block when I'm  
hanging  
If I put it be aiming, till your body be stinking

[Shot G]

Sitting sideways, fo' deep  
It's that nigga, Shot G  
I'm straight, from the streets  
Catch me in the hood, standing on the block with my  
heat  
I got a mouth, full of rocks  
In my garage got a drop, in Clear Lake I got a yacht  
When I hit the club, hoes bop  
With the S.L.A.B. in the lab, it can't stop

[Hook]

[2]

The Dirty South is the home, where the candy cars  
roam  
From the Clarke to the stone, boy we balling on chrome  
It's 3rd Coast Houston Texas, and we thugs that live  
reckless  
Plus we young and we restless, so you better respect  
us  
I keep a glock by my side, cause these niggaz like  
checkers  
Try and jump when they can, but they bet not test us  
Lil' 2 motherfuckers, and we flossing and flipping  
Flipping and flossing, tossing them big body bosses  
Getting lost in the wind, but we ball anyway  
And if you try to stop my pay, then you can call it a day  
AK's will spray, and tech nines we bust  
Chop the blocks with our blades, and leave you hoes in  
the dust

[Dougie D]

What is the dealy, cousin  
Dougie be blazing tweedle-dee dumb, and sipping  
something  
Do what we do on the grind constantly, and keep it  
crunking  
With all the hoods state to state, driving while we  
getting drunk'n  
Bitches be bopping, ready to come off they panties for  
us  
Ride for us get down for us, we S.L.A.B. niggaz bitch in  
the do' and you can't hold us  
See them bubble eyed, candy dripping all on the scene  
We crawling down in a line, and looking fresh and so  
clean  
Now tell me what it do, bone hard like a metal it means  
we banging Screw  
Dougie D gon give it to you hoes, the way Dougie do  
Better believe it, I'm gon represent until I'm through  
Forever the S.L.A.B., is gonna continue mashing  
through

[Hook]

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